

Ly blisring fore the visitating Sunne,
And were good Kings, when living.

Thes. It is true, and I will give you comfort,
To give your dead Lords graves:

The which to doe, must make some worke with *Creon*;

1. *Qu.* And that worke presents it selfe to'th doing:
Now twill take forme, the heates are gone to morrow.

Then, booteles toyle must recompence it selfe,
With it's owne sweate; Now he's secure,
Not dreames, we stand before your puissance
Wrinching our holy begging in our eyes
To make petition cleere.

2. *Qu.* Now you may take him,
Drunke with his victory.

3. *Qu.* And his Army full
Of Bread, and sloth.

Thes. *Artesius* that best knowest
How to draw out fit to this enterprise,
The primst for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a businesse, forth and levy
Our worthiest Instruments, whilst we despatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deede
Of Fate in wedlocke.

1. *Qu.* Dowagers, take hands
Let us be Widdowes to our woes, delay
Commends us to a fanning hope.

All. Farewell.

2. *Qu.* We come unseasonably: But when could greefe
Cull forth as unpanged judgement can, fit'time
For best solicitation.

Thes. Why good Ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater then any was; it more imports me
Then all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.

1. *Qu.* The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected, when her Armes
Able to locke *Love* from a Synod, shall

By warranting Moone-light coroll
Her twynning Cherries shall theire
Vpon thy tastefull lips, what wilt
Of rotten Kings or blubbered Que
For what thou feelst not? what th
To make *Mars* spurne his Drom.
But one night with her, every ho
Take hostage of thee for a hundr
Thou shalt remember nothing in
That Banket bids thee too.

Hip. Though much unlike
You should be so transported, as
I should be such a Suitour; yet I
Did I not by th'abstaying of my
Which breeds a deeper longing,
That craves a present medicine, I
All Ladies scandall on me. There
As I shall here make tryall of my
Either presuming them to have s
Or sentencing for ay their vigour
Prorogue this busines, we are goin
Your Sheild afore your Heart, ah
Which is my fee, and which I fr
To doe these poore Queenes ser

All Queens. Oh helpe now
Our Cause cries for your knee.

Emil. If you grant not
My Sister her petition in that forc
With that Celerity, and nature w
Shee makes it in ifrom henceforth
To aske you any thing, nor be so
Ever to take a Husband.

Thes. Pray stand up.
I am entreating of my selfe to do
That which you k neele to have
Leade on the Bride; get you and
For successe, and returne, omit n
In the pretended Celebration: